SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 7.

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MAY 77H, 1889. MAY THE 1880.

MAY THE 1880.

Books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and Newadesers' Accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipted bills from various Paper Companies which supply the NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indured checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there was Printed and Actually Circulated during the month of March, 1886, a total of TER MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND TIME THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY UNTIL 1880. SO THE WORLD.

O. D. BALDWIN.

President of the American Loan and Trust Co. THOS, L. JAMES.
President of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM: 31)10,709,520(345,468

PRINTED PAIR DE WORLDS 345,46

AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULA-TION DURING THE MONTHS 345,873

IT SQUINTS BOTH WAYS.

Mayor GRANT has hit upon a capital idea to make the potentates who sit upon the bench in police courts earn their salaries. He suggests that these gentlemen take turn and turn about in holding court at night time. It is a good plan in many ways. To dispose at the leader of official society in Washington this once of such cases as required summary tment would make the station-houses less intolerably filthy in odor and appearance. It would save many an innocent person-many a girl, arrested, maybe, wrongly -from the heart-breaking humiliation of a night in such vile company or of being paraded in the morning before a crowd of

mghtseers. There is reason to believe that these justices, of "round fat belly, with good capon lined," will not tackle kindly to the proposition. And if, broken of their rest, the man of law should be surly, it would be no wonder.

Woe betide, then, the wretch who came up for judgment in the sleepy hours succeeding midnight. He would go his way to the island cursing the Mayor for a meddler.

Beware, Huon. Conside- the politics of it. Measure the possible effects.

NOW ! ALL TOGETHER, Another chance gone.

Hello again there, Giants! Must all the tail enders flax you at pleasure?

All's well that ends well, but viewed from the standpoint of recent performance, your work is uncomfortably similar to the ancient and honorable game of see-saw. Now you're up and now you're down. And we don't like

the feeling. Play ball.

A NEW INCENTIVE.

Chicago's citizens are all so busy trying for the World's Fair that none of them thus far has found time to become a juryman in the trial of Cronin. Chicago will be incapacitated for business until this matter is settled. Our Finance Committee must in charity hurry up. Do unto others, &c.

There is abundant money already subscribed in Johnstown with which to institute suit against the South Fork Fishing Club. It is at the doors of that organization that the responsibility for the Pennsylvania flood is laid, and a lawsuit, with whatever motive or for whatever end, seems paltry after the rehearsal of such a horror.

Americans wonder why France endures Boulaworn when he has been proven guilty of systematically robbing the Government. That sounds well, coming from Americans. All the political thieves in France could get points in Washington or Albany that would

make them wonder why they left swaddling CLARA

BEN BUTLER has knocked out JOHN L. in the voting at a fair as Boston's champion popular man. John is possessor of a potent 'right." but BEN has an "eye that people some miles to see." It was a toss-up.

DUNBAVEN has written his last letter, and the America Cup correspondence is wound up for the season. His Lordship has acted the part of a gentleman, a good fellow and a VOL. 30...... NO. 10,245 true sportsman, and we like him as well as if we had licked him.

> Judge Pitsher's salary is \$10,000 a year. and he has done no stroke of work since November. Judicial courtesy is all very well. but his fellow judges have carried it far enough.

No work, no pay.

FANCIES.

Dime museum men are said to be outbidding each other in Chicago to get hold of that Cronin juror.

The Providence Journal says that there seems to be no difficulty about the electric current killing anybody who is not a criminal.

Bob Younger, the Missouri outlaw, is reported to be dying of heart failure. This must be a new tensation to Bob. He was bold or nothing.

"I'm weary, doctor, and I need Best fr m this over-active state;" So, fortune heard and gave him heed And made him walking-delegate.—Ez.

Not long ago a horse that could trot in 2,40 was a wonder. Nowadays if you can't go in 2, 20 you had better stay indoors.

President Harrison planted a tree yesterday in Postmaster Wanamaker's yard in Philadelphia. What kind of a tree it is no one seems to know exactly. The Postmaster in reply to a question said "chestnut."

Coney Island "floaters" go in "blocks of

Our modern Vidocus are tremendous. Anna Klink disappeared at Detroit on Monday, and detectives scenting mystery dragged the river. A reporter thought it not a bad scheme to inquire at the houses of her friends and found no difficulty in locating her.

"Have you heard that an American beiress worth a million dollars, is coming over here on a visit?"

Baron (over head and ears in debt)—By Jove! Then I must go and have my hair curled.—

Bertin Tagzettung.

Burglars broke into a house in Omaha on Wednesday night and took a bath. Aithough making a clean haul they carried away nothing

Henry Van Scott, of New Haven, valued his ife at \$1,000 a year. Ten years ago a car-conductor saved him from drowning, and Van Scott has just left him \$10,000 in his will.

WORLDLINGS.

United States Senator Kenna, of West Virrinis, is of humble ancestry, and his early life was one of hardship and poverty. He had a brave struggle to get an education, but when once he had mastered his law books he began to rise rapidly in public life. Allen Manvel, the new President of the Atchi-

on, Topeka and Santa Fe system, is fifty-two years old. He is a New Yorker by birth, and earned railroading in the offices of the Rock Island road. Assemblyman Geo. F. Roesch expects to be the

Tammany Hall candidate for Senator in the Seventh District. George's hopes will be crushed. however, should Charley Steckler make up his nind to run, which is not among the improbabilities Now that Fire Commissioner Purroy is back

from Europe the question is asked: "Why is not an Alderman chosen to succeed John B. Shea from the Twenty-fourth Ward?" It is said to be likely that Mrs. Morton will be

Winter, Mrs. Harrison having little or no desire Representative Benjamin Butterworth, of Cin cinnati, is said to be a good amateur baseball-

player, despite the fact that he is getting far along in life.

GROUNDS FOR GUN AND DOG.

South Oyster Bay offers greater inducements for English snipe and partridge than any locality in this section. Small game is abundant at Amityville, Bay thore, Farmingdale, Freeport, Greenport, Little Neck and Boslyn, L. I. Quail, squirrel, rabbit, fox and partridge may be found in abundance at Yaphank, L. I.

Long Beach is said to be the best snipe ground a the country. Geese, duck and brant are now found in Bar-negat Hay on the Jersey coast, on Little Island, Northwest Point, Parker's Ledge and Old Man's Island, all within two miles of Beach Haven, on the Jersey coast.

There is good snipe shooting at Clifton, N. J., on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western

Bernardville, N. J., affords good rabbit shoot-Within a radius of ten miles of West Hampton, L. L., there is excellent farm upland shooting. South Bay, one-quarter of a mile from West Hampton, has pleuty of duck. The upland abounds in quail, rabbit and partridge.

SOME FASHIONS IN LADIES' JEWELRY

Ladies are wearing fancy vest chains. These are sometimes fastened with a bar and sometimes with a pin to the bodice.

The desire manifested by the fair sex for miniature paintings set as brooches amounts to almost a craze. These paintings are imported, and leading manufacturers claim that they have difficulty in mounting them fast enough to supply the demand.

Colludor asses which have been were or less.

Celiuloid cases which have been more or less made for three years afford some novelties. Very artistic ones seen were delicately tinted, etched in Japanese effects and otherwise decorated.

orated.

A diamond necklace ret in a late fashion—that is, the setting quite invisible—and consisting of two rows of graduated diamonds, the largest being at the lower part of the necklace, recembles two circles of brilliant lights with nothing o support them Gold curb jewelry is in high favor. There are stiff curb bracelets and flexible curb bracelets, platinum and gold curb bracelets, and brooches and gold curb rings.

some of the very newest bracelets are decidedly massive in effect, and present a striking contrast to the dainty gold wire ones which are equally fashiomable.

-From the Jewellers' Circular,

PATHOS IN THE SURF.

We sported gayly in the surf;
And as I felt her timid form
Press close, for sweet protection's sake,
My somewhat ancient heart grew warm.

"O Maid, most fair of Summer girls. Upon life's ocean let us sail:
My heart's best love our anchor true,
And faith our boat for every gale.

"I do not ask you for your past.
Take me on trust; I'll take you so.
Alas: some anguish chord I touch.
You pale." A crab has got my toe!"

—Aristene Anderson

MONELL'S TEXTHING CORDIAL at 25 cents a bottle

Her Weekly Budget of Gossip on the Worldly Side of Life.

Glddy Soubrettes Leading the Life of Saints at Ocean Grove.

Young Mrs. Blaine's Reasons for Not Making Her Debut on the Stage.



T is announced that the sight was odd. Mrs. James G. Blaine, carefully prepared for. The fact is doned altogether. Acpointment. There are fiasco. First, the un-

certainty of the venrisky, a new actress is riskier, and the combinanature, although it might have inured to her bed and board of her husband, as the law would imited divorce. If he should obtain such a ecree, she would have no further right to use tion be compelled to drop it. Of that fact she was recently advised, along with an admonition that James G. Blaine, sr., could not be expected to permit his name to go on theatrical billboards, even though qualified by the prefix f "Mrs." and the affix of "Jr." It is true that she might not be estopped from emblazoning herself as "formerly Mrs. James G. Blaine, ir.," but the astute manager who conducts one of our most fashionably favored of New York theatres would not care to conduct a fight against the distinguished Secretary of State. Anyhow, the scheme of exploiting her on the

HELEN DATUBAY'S STAGE PEVER. Helen Dauvray years ago was "Little Nell, the California Diamond, "an imitator of Lotta. The years of her physical development from girlhood nto womanhood were devoted to mental culture n European schools, and she became a thoroughly educated young lady. But the spell of the footlights was on her yet, and, after careful preparation, she made a debut in Paris. Then I'm going to wear it on a theatre stage." she came back to New York and hirod a theatre. She was persistent, as well as ambitious, and in season or two she made herself the heroine of several dramas, and was understood to save persolf from financial loss in the enterprise. Her dramatic ability was not great, but she conducted herself winsomely, her stage management was skilful and she secured a fair degree of fashionable vogue. Then she took the baseball fever, and had it violently. During the progress of that malady she fell in love with a famous player, John Montgomery Ward, and they were

"Will Mrs. Ward go on acting?" the bridegroom was asked on the day of the wedding. "She will never act again," was his emphatic

reply. Three years elapsed. Ward went off around the world on a baseball tour. Upon his recent return he found that his wife had made ready to resume the career of an actress. A play had been bought, a company engaged and a route arranged. She was to start out a day or two after this account will be published. But the project is utterly abandoned. Mrs. Ward had the choice between her husband and acting, but she couldn't enjoy both. It had been a condition of their marriage that she should never return to the stage. She fancied that he would waive the agreement, but he was obdurately fixed. If she preferred theatre audiences to wifehood, very well, but he would not live with an actress. There was a period of argument, and then one of actual separation, but she decided upon a private life, and is settling up the claims arising from her abandoned plan-MISHAP AT THE NEWPORT CASINO,

The town season will not be delayed much

longer, and already some of the ultra-fashionables are spending a few days at a time here on their way to one or another of the approved Antumn resorts. They bring plenty of anecdotes of Summer experiences, and once in a while one of these stories is good. At one of the Newport balls a particularly plump and graceful waltzer had a mishap over which she may have wept in vexation, but which even a well-bred assembiage could not help laughing at. While whirling in the middle of the Casino por, and perhaps subjecting her harness to undue strain, the support of a stocking gave way, and the people saw the silken hosiery first massed around her foot, and then dragged for an instant on the floor. Then her partner tepped on it, and the remainder was pulled off her foot, leaving that nimble member as bare as Mand Muller's when she raked the hay, but by no means so brown. She scurried to the dress ng-room, but, like Cinderella, in flying from the room she left her slipper behind, and the stocking, too. Both were cut into bits by the gallant beaux and distributed as mementoes of

a comical occasion. SOUBRETTES WHO LIVE LIKE SAINTS. Nothing human on earth would seem to be nore misplaced than a soubrette actress at Ocean Grove. You know what a soubrette is? I mean no imputation. But the sancy, proessional piquancy of a stage comedience is apt to be merely a demonstration of a folly nature and it is fair to assert that nine sonbrottes in ten would be winkers, kickers and general prankers in private life if they followed their natural bent. Some of them do, and some don't; but in either case can you imagine such a ivacious creature, free or pent, spending her ummer by choice among the religionists at the great Methodist summer city ?

Your supposition would be that a place where the mildest claret can't be bought, and even cigarettes are not on sale-where one camp-meeting succeeds another, and the sermons and prayer meetings are all but continuous-was a place where a soubrette would grow very, very weary, instead of finding that rest which ought to pertain to a solstice. But it is not so. Does your memory run back to the evenings when the Worrall sisters frisked in that early form of comic opera which was really buriesque? My faintest recollections of childhood's experience at the theatre hazily pre-ent "The Grand Duchess, " with Irene, Jenuie and Sophie Worrall in it. Irene was the least talented of the trio, and somebody tells me she is keeping a boarding-house in New York. Jennie was the skippiest, and she married a rich gambler known as Big Mike Murray. Sophie was the most talented, and she took George S. Knight away from the variety shows, taught him how to turn his mimetic abilities to farcical account, and placed him prosperously on the dramatic stage. She did for him exactly what that other fair burleaquer, Eliza Wethersby, accomplished for Nat C. Goodwin. As "the Knights" George and Sophie acted together. made a fair amount of money, and bought a cottage at Ocean Grove to live in during their summer vacations. 'What possessed us ?" Sophie once said to

friend. "Common sense. We got a big plenty of theatrical life during our tours. For forty weeks a year we saw nothing nor heard anything except show matters. For the other twelve weeks we desired a rest-a complete rest

Bo that's where we are." THE PROFESSION AT OCEAN GROVE.

Alas! George S. Knight is now a wreck of his former self. Mental incapacity has taken him off the stage and he will never return to the footlights. I saw him and his wife in an Ocean Grove prayer-meeting two days ago. He was calm, placid, with the unimpressionableness of The Father Was Horribly Burned in That his disorder. She was a plump, sedate, pretty woman, dressed in quiet good taste, and par ticipating in the worship, at least to the extent of singing the hymns and observing the usages of the occasion. To sit demurely joining in "Rock of Ages" wasn't much like warbling the drinking song of "The Grand Duchess," and

cheaply find it as at Ocean Grove ? Nowhere.

There are a score of actresses at Ocean Grove. ir.'s theatrical tour, so to name whom would be to raise a suspicion of an advertising purpose, and from the sanctities is postponed until Jan- of the great August camp-meeting just closed nary on account of her they will go straightway to their engagements in farce, burlesque, comic opera and what not that it has been aban- The cheapness of existence here, as compared with the expenses of nigh Long Branch is quaintances say that enough to account for their presence; but she is ill with disap- think that Sophic Worrall's explanation-that show folks sometimes desire a surcease from the several reasons for the frivolities and unrealities of the stage-expresses a more general reason. This theory adjusts itself to the fact that the actresses at Ocean ture. A new play is Grove behave with perfect propriety. They seek to avoid any revelation of their employment, ion makes extreme peril for the capital invested. | and not because they are ashamed of it, neces-There was trouble shead, too, of a Blaine family sarily, but because they considerately do not seek to shock the sensibilities of the Methodists advantage in publicity. She has quitted the around them. A jolly soubrette at the hotel where I stayed had a very sedate wife of a clerphrase it, and thereby given him a ground for gyman for a table companion. The matron had evinced curiosity as to what the maiden was, and had elicited the fact that she worked for a living. the name of Blaine, and could by court injunc- Her guess was that the very intelligent and demurely vivacious girl was a teacher of music in ome school. One day a hor came for the actress, and on it was a label telling that it was from a costuming establishment.

'You've got a new dress, I see, " remarked the lergyman's wife, at the next meal.

'Yes," was the quiet reply. Shall we hope to see it on you?

"I think not." 'O, but isn't it a pretty one?"

"It should be. " "Then why not put it on this evening?" Well, it wouldn't suit the occasion.

"No " "Oh, then it must be a bathing costume," the questioner persisted; "and I trust it is a seemly one—not one of those short-skirted atrocities."

"It's not a bathing dress," was the retort of the now irritated actress: "and it hasn't so much as an inch of skirt. It's a trunk and tights, with no bodice worth mentioning, and There the dialogue stopped, never to go

CLARA BELLE. again. Copyright, 1889,

A LUCKY ART AMATEUR.

He Purchases One of Mcissonier's Works for the Beggarly Sum of \$30.

One often bears of a valuable work by famous artist being disposed of at auction or in some obscure bric-a-brac shop and bought for a mere song by some lucky individual, the value of the picture being wholly unknown. These stories, more or less apocryphal, have now been supplemented by a genuine occurrence which took place at the Hotel Drouot the other day, says a Paris letter to the Philadelphia Telegraph.

A sale of some deceased person's goods and chattels was going on. The lots comprised a chattels was going on. The lots comprised a few pictures, dingy and dusty and in cracked old frames. Among these was a small painting, executed on a panel and representing a drunken soldier at a tavern door. It was signed in the corner with the initial M, surmounted with a capital E turned upside down. It was bought by a group of the Biack Band for \$20 and was afterwards disposed of to a French gentleman for \$30.

The purchaser took his new acquisition to

The purcheser took his new acquisition to M. Bernheim, one of the leading art experts of Paris, to ask him what he thought of it.
"A very good example of Meissonier's work," quoth M. Bernheim. "If you want to sell it I will give you \$4,000 for it at

Of hurried the owner of the picture to Meissonier himself, to ask if the painting were really executed by him.
"Certainly it is my work," responded the artist. "I painted it somewhere between 1860 and 1865, I should say, to judge by the monogram with which it is signed."
Its owner is quite beside himself with delight at his lucky "find."
But what should the heirs of the deceased.

But what about the heirs of the deceased man, the original owner of the picture, and how came it that none of the official experts attached to the Hotel Drouot had sense enough to recognize the work of a famous living French painter?

POLITICAL PERSONALS.

The constituents of the Alderman from the First District are asking : " On what meat does this, our 'Sojer,' feed that he has grown so great ?'

Assemb'yman John Connelly will not be the Tammany Hall candidate for re-election in the Nineteenth District this Fall. "John's too bonest to make a legislator," explained an Alderman of the same political faith to-day. Ex-Judge A. B. Tappen is said to be the slate

andidate to succeed Flack as Grand Sachem. Peter C. Bamberger, who is a thorn in the flesh of ex-Coroner Nugent, the Republican leader of the Fourteenth District, has announced that he will run there as an Independent Republican candidate for Assembly.

Senator James F. Pierce, of Brooklyn, has lived at the New York Hotel long enough to beome eligible for candidacy on Manhattan Island, and is spoken of as the union nominee the Seventh District, formerly represented by Van Cott.

THE TRUTHFUL FISHERMAN.

[From Henry Tyrrell in St. Mcholas,] We went a-fishing. Now, no doubt, You'll say, 'The same old yarn again, The sylvan brook, the speekled trout, The regulation mountain glen." No! We went Staten Island way And took the cars to Prince's Bay.

Along the sandy beach we strayed
And gazed across the glistening water.
The man we hired our boat of said:
"Well, if you don't catch fish you oughter."
I dare not state that boat a expense—
The bait alone cost ninety cents. We rowed, and rowed, and then we baled

Our bost out with a skimming dish.
Well-nigh to Sandy Hook we sailed,
And then, at last, began to fish.
That is, each held and watched his line—
The fishes never made a sign. And yet, there were fish. Other craft
Went blithely back, their day's work done;
Our rivals showed their strings and laughed,
While we lay luckless in the sun.
I afterwards the reason learned:
Ere we got there the tide had turned.

We gave it up and started back,
With blistered hands, to reach the shore;
And what had been a three-mile track
Now seemed at least a half a score.
Landing, we reached—what consolation!—
Only one minute late, the station.

That night, in mouruful single file,
Ihree fishermen, starved, brown and gaunt,
Crept slowly bome from staten laie,
All fishless from their fishing jaunt.
Now, if their story won't attract,
Supply the fiction. Here's the fact.

from theatricals. Where could we so surely and The Tiny Baby Born to Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Two Weeks Ago.

AND IT'S A SAD STORY TO TELL

Brooklyn "L" Accident in '87.

TERRIBLE HOUR OF ACONY

The Young Counts Have Had a Hard Time of It Since, Although the Railroad Paid Him a Year's Salary and Set Him Up in Business-One Leg Amputated and the Other Almost Useless-The Reporter Tells of the Visit to the Mother and the Tiny Mite of Humanity-Cheerful in Adversity, Father, Mother and Babies, but It Is Difficult to Get Along.

In one of those humble city homes which one night pass every day without giving it even a passing thought, THE WORLD'S woman reporter yesterday found thrilling material for a story full of horror, love, domestic peace and all the other elements of a sensational romance. The scene of all this is laid in the second story of a nest frame tenement-house, No. 12 Bancroft place, near Ralph avenue, where the reporter went to see the very smallest beby that has probably ever been born in this great City of Churches. When it came into existence two weeks ago it weighed one and a half pounds; now it weighs just one pound more.

Baucroft place is not much of a place-only short street about two blocks in length, which has been dug or ploughed up and left to settle down into hillocks and hollows as best it can. A board sidewalk enables one to escape somewha the yellow dust that lies piled thick everywhere. On either side are scattering frame houses, the row of tenement-houses of which No. 12 is one, and small two-story dwellings arranged along irregularly. It is not an unpleasant neighborhood, however, and evidently very

The reporter found the lower door of No. 12 open and stepping into the hall inquired of a young German woman who was there if she knew of the very small citizen who had arrived n the city a few days ago. Yes, she believed there was a voung ar ' very

brief stranger on the floor above, and \$ the floor above she escorted the visitor. "Here, Mrs. Cooper," she said, "is some

ne to see you. " "Come in, " said a pleasant voice, and the re porter stepped into a comfortable though poorly furnished living room, where sat a young wo man busily crocheting, with a pretty little fairhaired, blue-eyed girl playing at her feet. THE WEE BABY.

"I came in answer to an intimation sent me to THE WORLD office by some friend of yours to call and see your tiny baby," said the reporter. introducing herself. "I am very glad to see you; please be seated

and I will bring the baby." Mrs. Cooper then retired to a small hall bedoom opening off the living room, and presently returned bearing what appeared to be a doll. and a small one at that, rolled in a blanket

"It is so small, I am almost afraid to handle t," said the mother, gently putting back the shawl and exhibiting the most limited bit of humanity that the reporter had ever seen in all her varied experience. It was a perfect Samson as to black hair, but aside from this ornament there was very little else of the young gentleman.

'Dear me, do put him down in your lan and let's messure him, "said the reporter. "Where does he end?" Then the fond mother indicated the spot in long garments where his feet were and the re-

porter measured him first with a slip of paper and then measured the paper on her finger, woman fashion, and found the height of this new Tom Thumb to be about nineteen or twenty inches. Then a search was made among his robes for his feet and, the mother removing his little wool sock, the reporter made a notch in he paper measure and afterwards found the ex-As to his hands-well, there was no such thing as calculating them at all. They were about the size of the bowl of a small teaspoon, and looked funny enough doubled up tight as if to try their

trength at a boxing match. "I must put him back in his warm place." said the mother; "I am so much afraid he will take cold."

"Yes, do, and then come and tell me something of your history. I am told that you have seen some dark days lately."

"We have, indeed," said she returning. 'My husband is a cripple and unable to find work, and the little I can earn is not enough to support us. I make these baby socks and get seventy-five cents a dozen pairs, but it takes me three days to finish the dozen, and I can't even do as well as that now with the baby. I crawled out here and went to work when it was only four days old, and I think I must have injured my eyes by working too soon, for they are very painful.

"You have other children, have you?" "Yes, this one"-indicating the little girl with the blue eyes who was now busy putting to bed a whole family of broken dolls as small in their way as her new brother-" and a little girl and a boy besides. "

Here a womanly little maid came in, smiled at the reporter and then bussed herself about the household duties, lifting the lid of a pot on the stove and letting escape thereform a most savory cloud of steam.

A PROMISING REPAST.

"I sent out and bought nine cents' worth of meat and four cents' worth of potatoes and an onion, and am going to surprise my husband with an Irish stew," said Mrs. Cooper cheerfully, as though this were to be quite a holiday "Annie, you may put a little more wood on and then go down in the cellar and tell your father to come up and see the lady. Mr. Cooper is chopping up some old barrels for wood, she added to the reporter. "There, I am afraid Annie has left that not where it will

"Let me set it back." said the reporter, going to the stove and placing the precions stew in a place of safety and replacing the stove lid. By this time Mr. Cooper, a very fine-looking young man, entered, followed by a happy-looking little boy carrying some of the wood, After a pleasant greeting the reporter asked

Mr. Cooper to tell her how he became cri, mled and what his present prospects are. It was a sad story. THAT AWFUL ACCIDENT.

"You may remember," he said, "of an accident which occurred on the Elevated road here two

years ago. The papers were full of it at the time. There was a collision and then the cars took fire. I was a brakeman, and in trying to save the car got wedged in between the engine and the first coach and there I burned for fiftyfive minutes before they could get me out, and all that time, besides the flames at my feet, the scalding steam was blistering my entire body. I begged them to shoot me or at all events to give me something with which to shoot myself

but they would not and I had to endure the terrible suffering. At last I was released and taken to the hospital. I expected to die and didn't want my wife to know of the accident until I was gone, for I was afraid it would kill her and our unborn child, so I told them that I was not a married man. But she heard of it in the morning and the shock killed our babe, although she and I lived. One of my legs was burned to a crisp and had to be amputated, and the other would have gone if I had not refused to allow the surgeons to operate on it. I saved it, but it is still and always will be in a frightful condition. ever, I am well enough and could work at anything where I did not have to stand. But, you see. I am not even able to walk around and look

for work, and so my family must suffer."
"Did the road do nothing for you?" "Oh, yes; they paid me a year's salary and gave me something with which to open a small store, but that was not successful. I hoped they would give me a position on the road as ticket-taker or ticket-seller, but they wi'l not A gentleman downtown is trying to get me such a position on the Bridge, and I hope he will suc coed, for if we are turned out of here I am afraid my children will have to go to the poor-house. LEFT THEM HOPEFUL.

"See, " said the little, industrious, blue-eyed baby, pulling at the reporter's gown. The latter turned and saw a row of the most forlorn chine babies that ever were met with in babyland laid out to sleep on the head of the carpet-covered sofa preparatory to being covered up with a strip of pink calico. In fact, one of them consisted simply of a head and neck, another, an incl long, had lost its arms and another its legs. But the reporter admired them and congratulated the little mother upon getting her family off to bed at such a good hour, and talked to her a bit about their extensive wardrobe, which had been entirely laid aside, leaving them cool and comfortable while they slept. Then taking another peop at the real baby, which had been brought out again, she said good-by and left the little family to enjoy the Irish stew, which was done by this time, leaving in the mother's hands something for another stew to-morrow and promising the father to do what she could towards securing that place on the Bridge for him or one like it somewhere else.

This is merely one of the hundreds of sad life tories in this great city. And yet society finds life so very stupid at times, don't you know. Edward H. Cooper was one of the victims the Elevated railroad accident which occurred on Monday, Sept. 19, 1887, at the double switch near Van Sielen station. Cooper was fireman of engine No. 5, which collided with engine No. 12. In the smash-up he sustained a fracture of the right leg, a contusion of the body and leg and was horribly burned. He lay for nearly five months in St. Mary's Hospital and had to have one of his legs amoutated.

SQUINTING CURED BY SPECTACLES. Surgical Operations Rendered Unnecessary by Prompt Use of Glasses.

[From the Hospital.]

A recent writer on ophthalmic surgery calls ttention to the fact that many cases of squint "in children, which, if left to themselves, become so pronounced that only a surgical operation can be of service to them, would be easily cured by the use of proper spectacles if seen by a competent specialist in the earlier stages of the affection. The present generation, he says, has witnessed many improvements in the operation for squint. The objections to be sined at by operations have become well understood. But it is stated that board schools and other educational establishments are still busily engaged in manufacturing fresh cases, though, thanks to improved spectacles, there are now fewer squints requiring operation than formerly. Age is hardly a bar to the wearing of spectacles, quite young children soon becoming accustomed to their use. It is possible that enthusiastic specialists may sometimes carry their principles too far. The sight of so many boys and girls in streets and schools and offices with "spectacles on nose" is not encouraging. Still, if many of the youthful patients are merely undergoing a temporary treatment for squint there is less reason for regret. Undoubtedly it is better for a child to west spectacles for a few years, and thus to be cured, than to have to run the risk of tendon section in later life. he says, has witnessed many improvements i

Russian Millionaires to Be Listed. | From the London Figure.]

The Russian Government is about to do officially what in the United States has been done by private enterprise; that is, to prepare a list among the subjects of the great White Caar. The among the subjects of the great White Czar. The Russian millionaires are not altogether pleased at the publicity which is thus about to be imposed upon them, for there have been such things as forced loans in Russia, and who shall say that there may not be an occasion for adopting such a barbarous course of raising money again? At all events, M. Ralii, of Odessa, who is the owner of 28,000,000 of roubles, and M. Rodokonachi, who owns to six, with MM. Ephrussi and listalowitch, who have four earh, and many other opulent subjects of the Czar, cannot altogether be at their case.

An Allowabie Deception.



check fe' one hunnerd dollahs frum d' membahs ob yo' congergrasion. Rev. Mr. Beales (in an anxious whisper)-

Descon Wilberforced-Heah, sir, am a

Dis yer bank busted a yeah ago!
Deacon Wilberforced—Hol' yo' tongue?
Dat gum-headed parson frum d'chu'ch in
d'holler am present, an' we wan' ter mek a
good showin' if we is pore.

Moonstone Fancies

The girl who is so lucky as to find a moon tone on the beach at Narragansett takes her badge of future good fortune to a jeweller in the little town and orders that it be cut and polished to follow some original device. Maybe it is set in a ring of diamonds for a bayoe it is set in a ring or diamonds for a lace pin, or some Adonis in white flannels borrows the stone of her for a day or two and then it is returned to the finder set on a thread of gold and surrounded by a tiny diamond, emerald, amethyst and ruby, so if she be a clever girl she may read a meaning in the innocent stones.

A Serious Question. I From the Arkansa Texan (to Kentuckian)-There's only one serious drawback to our community. Kentuckian-What's that?

Texan-Why, we have to haul water quite a Kentuckian—That don't make no differ-ence. The question is, how far do you have to haul licker?

Less the Better.

[From the Laurence American.]
Tom Bashful—Say, Jack, can you give me any light on the subject of making love? Jack Beenthare—Tom, my boy, no light is needed. It's better in the dark.

FOR health use BOND'S BOSTON BROWN BREAD, at GILMORS' BAKERY, 203 Greenwich st. "." No Shetgue Practice About Carter's Little

AMONG THE SICK CHILDREN.

REMARKABLE RECORD OF THE CORPS OF FREE PHYSICIANS.

Over 19.000 Cases of Sickness Have Reen Relieved and More than 159,000 Fami-Hes Were Visited - Proceeds of Pairs and Entertainments Still Coming In-A

Report Will Soon Be Rendered. While figures can be given showing the number of poor families visited by THE EVENING WORLD'S COTPS of free physicians, the number of prescriptions given and babies that have been either entirely cured or relieved from suffering, the actual amount of

good done cannot be estimated. According to the report of Director FOSTER, up to noon yesterday, 20,884 houses had been visited by the free physicians, 159,740 families had been seen and 19,602 cases of sickness relieved by medical attendance, clothing and food. Many of

these families have been visited several times. The good work will continue until the fund is exhausted, and in due time the charitable subscribers will receive an account of precisely how the money was expended.

While the fund has practically closed.

there are yet several fairs and entertainments

to be held in aid of the fund, and the money

from these will be added to that already received and expended in the cause.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS. Lexicyton avenue lair
Norwood fair
Marie R
Social Seven
A King's Daughter

In Good Hands.

I have read in THE EVENING WORLD of last

night that no more money was needed for the

sick babies. But this amount, being the re-

sult of a collection made among my friends, please accept the inclosed check. In your hands that money will always serve to relieve some unfortunate in Summer as well as in

the Editor of The Evening World.

Winter. Yours truly,

Highland Falls.

Friends in Highland Palls. o the Editor of The Evening World Inclosed please find \$2 for the relief of the poor babies, contributions of their friends n this town.

K. H. M., A KING'S DAUGHTER

MARIE R.

From the Social Seven. To the Editor of The Ecrning World Inclosed please find \$6 for THE EVENING WORLD's Sick Baby Fund. We hope it may

elieve much distress. SOCIAL SEVEN. From the Norwood Park Children. to the Editor of The Evening World: Last Saturday afternoon the little ones of Norwood held a fair to help your Children's Fund, and while sending you the money we

took in I must tell the names of those who

helped. Veronica Ringler and Helen Ellis sold andies, Birdie Steele and Hilda Baker sold cake and got rid of 100 glasses of lemonade at live cents a glass, Annie Cronter and Katie Regly sold toys and I was cashier. All these oung ladies are under ten years, but so martly did they attend to their business that am able to send quite a roll of bilis. Won't you see that the poor children get as much fun from spending the money as we enjoyed in its collecting? Then, indeed, will the little tots of Norwood think themselves well

repaid. NORMA MUNRO, Cashier, aged nine years.

ANOTHER FAIR HELD. Several Lexington Avenue Misses Raise a Tidy Sum for the Bables.

Seven little girls held a fair on the evenings of Aug. 29, 30 and 31 at 1033 Lexington avenue. The primal object was to raise money for THE EVENING WORLD's Sick Babies' Fund, but when they read in THE EVENING WORLD that enough money had already been raised they were somewhat nopplussed, for they had raised a tidy sum and were a little bit afraid that it might prove a white elephant

Yesterday two of the little ladies, Miss Lillian Goodkind and Miss Gertie Kaufman, the leaders in the movement, called at TRE EVENING WORLD office and explained the situation. They said that in company with Bella

on their hands.

Josie Fischer and Minnie Dreyfus, they had held a fair and raised \$68 for the Sick Baby Fund. The little misses were assured that the most generous gift was certainly receivable and very gratefully so.

The crisp check changed hands and the

Kaufman, Fannie Wolffe, Millie Hirschfield,

Charlie Kaufman and Hugo Lachenbruch aided the young misses materially in putting up their tables, booths and stands.

little ladies tripped out with light hearts.

Babies Packed as Freight. (From the Pall Mail Gasette.)
An amazing system of carrying little children as passengers (says the Archie Air Eisenbahntoesen) seems to have been in practice hitherto ucesen) seems to have been in practice hitherto upon the Russian railways. The Russian Ministry of the Interior has just issued an ordinance to all railway officials prohibiting the further "packing of small children diterally "sucklings") in baskets, to the number of eight in a basket (!), and forwarding them to the foundling-houses in the great towns as hand-luggage. This abuse, says the Ministry in the circular, is no longer to be tolerated, since it involves a serious injury to the health of the children and is also an attempt to evade the regulations for the carriage of passengers by rail. In Russia "infants must be paid for."

One Fact Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American states-man. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thom-sands of people, that Hood's Sarasparilla does cure scrofula, sait rheum and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or lew condition of the blood. It also evercomes that tired feeling, creates a good es-table overcomes that the decimal contents a good es-table overcomes that the creaty part of the system. If

"My daughter received much bounds from Hond's Sarsaparilla as an excellent tonic after a protracted ab-tack of bronchial pneumonia." Rev. F. H. Anama. New Hartford, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared of by C. 1. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lewell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

petite and gives strength to every part of the system. If you need a good blood purifier, tonic or appetiser, ter Hood's Sarasparilla. It will do you good.

No Scholar. "Did young Phil Ology graduate at college?"
"No: he didn't get a diploma—couldn't catch a baseball to save his neck."